Miscellaneous.

How to make home Unhealthy.

THERE is a little tell-tale muscle in the inner corner of the eye, which, if you question it, will deliver a report into your looking-glass touching the state of the whole muscular system which lies elsewhere hidden in your body. When it is pale it praises you. Muscular development is, by all means, to be kept down. Muscular power, like all other power, will increase with exercise. We desire to hold the flesh in strict subjection to the spirit. Bodily exercise, therefore, must be added to the number of those forces which, by strengthening the animal, do damage to the spiritual man.

We must take great pains to choke the energy of children. Their active little limbs must be tied down by a well-woven system of politeness. They run, they jump, turn heels over head, they climb up trees; if they attempt stillness they are ever on the move, because Nature demands that while the body grows it shall be freely worked in all its parts, in order that it may develop into a frame-work vigourous and well proportioned. Nature really is more obstinate than usual on this point. So restless a delight in bodily exertion is implanted in the child, that our patience is considerably tried when we attempt to keep it still. Children, however, can be tamed and civilized. By sending them unhealthy from the nursery, we can deliver many of them spiritless at school, there to be properly subdued. The most unwholesome plan is to send boys to one school, girls to another; both physically and morally, this method gives good hope of sickliness. Nature, who never is on our side, will allow children of each sex to be born into one family—to play together, and be educated at one mother's knee. There ought to be—if Nature had the slightest sense of decency—girls only born in one house, boys only in another. However, we can sort the children at an early age, and send them off to school, girls east boys west.

A girl shall be allowed on no account to climb a tree, or be unladylike. She shall regard a boy as a strange, curious monster; be forced into flirtation; and prefer the solace of a darling friend to anything that verges on a scamper. She shall learn English grammer, that is to mean, Lindly Murry's notion of it; geography, or the names of capital towns, rivers, and mountain ranges; French enough for a lady; music, ornamental needlework, and the "Use of the Globes." By the by, what a marvel it is that every lady has learned in her childhood the use of the globes, and yet you never see a lady using them.—All these subjects she shall study from a female point of view. Her greatest bodily fatigue shall be the learning of a polka, or the Indian sceptre exercise. Now and then she shall have an iron down her back, and put her feet in stocks. The young lady shall return from school able to cover ottomans with worsted birds, and to stitch a purse for the expected lover about whom she has been thinking for the last five years. She is quite aware that St. Petersburg is the capital of Ireland, and that a noun is a verb-substantive, which signifies to be, to do, to suffer.

The boy children shall be sent to school, where they may sit during three hours consecutively, and during eight or nine hours in the day, forcing their bodies to be tranquil. They shall get much into their mouths of what they cannot comprehend, and little or nothing into their hearts, out of the wide stores of information for which children really thirst. They shall be taught little or nothing of the world they live in, and shall know its Maker only as an answer to some question in a catechism. They shall talk of girls as being of another nature; and shall come home from their school-life pale, subdued, having unwholesome thoughts, awkward in using limbs, which they have not been suffered to develop; and shamefaced in the society from which, during their schoolboy life, they have been banished.

The older girl shall ape the lady, and the older boy shall ape the gentleman; so we may speak next of adults.

No lady ought to walk when she can ride. The carriages of many kinds which throng our streets, all prove us civilized; prove us, and make us weak. The lady should be tired after a four-mile walk; her walk ought to be, in the utmost possible degree, weeded of energy. It should be slow; and when her legs are moved, her arms must be restrained from that synchronous movement which perverse Nature calls upon them to perform. Ladies do well to walk out with their arms quite still, and with their hands folded before them. Thus they prevent their delicacy from being preyed upon by a too wholesome exercise, and, what is to us more pleasant, they betray their great humility. They dare only to walk among us lords of creation with their arms folded before them, that by such humble guise they may acknowledge the inferiority of their position. An Australian native, might almost be tempted, in sheer pride of heart, to knock some of our ladies two or three times about the head with that small instrument which he employs for such correction of his women, that so he might derive the more enjoyment from their manifest submissiveness.

The well-bred gentleman ought to be weary after six miles of walking, and haughtily stare down the man who talks about sixteen. The saddle, the gig, the carriage, or the cab and omnibus, must protect at once his delicacy and his shoes. The student should confine himself to study, grudging time; believing nobody who tells him that the time he gives to wholesome exercise he may receive back in the shape of increased value for his hours of thought—that even his life of study may be lengthened by it.—Let the tradesman be well rooted in his shop if he desire to flourish. Let the mechanic sit at labour on the week-days, and on Sundays let him sit at church, or else stop decently at home.

In these remarks on exercise among adults, I have confined myself to the plain exercise of walking. It may be taken for granted that no grown-up person will be so childish as to leap, to row, to swim. A few Young Englanders may put on, now and then, their white kid gloves to patronize a cricket-match; but we can laugh at them.—In a gentleman it is undignified to run; and even walking, at the best, is vulgar.

Indeed there is an obvious vulgarity in the whole doctrine which would call upon us to assist our brute developement by the mere exercising of ourselves as animals.—Such counsel offers to degrade us to the low position of the race-horse who is trotted to and fro, the poodle who is sent out for an airing. As spiritual people, we look down with much contempt upon the man who would in anything compare us with the lower animals. His mind is mean, and must be quite beneath our indignation. I will say no more. Why thrash a pickpocket with thunder?

An Army of Monkeys.

A NOVEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

"They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"

"Oh, no!" answered the Frenchman—"monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain—you shall see." The half human voice now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay.—Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadreja* or ring-tailed tribe.

One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the comadrejas—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*.

At length they all collected around a tall cottonwood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the formost, a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tale around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly around the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank.—Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the osillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge; over which the whole troop to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain!

The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d' appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half a dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water.

Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared!—*Capt. Reid's Adventure in Southern Mexico.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. EMMONS.—The doctor, it is said, was no great lover of sweet sounds, and religiously excluded from his meeting house all instrumental music, except a little mahogany-coloured wooden pitch-pipe of the size of an "eighteen-mo" book. A member of his choir who had learned to play the bass-viol, anxious to exhibit his skill, early one Sunday morning most unadvisedly introduced his big fiddle into the singing gallery. After the first prayer was ended, and the doctor began to handle his "Watts," the *base* violer lifted up his profanation, and trying his strings, instantly attracted the doctor's attention. He paused, laid down his hymn-book, took his sermon from the cushion, and proceeded with his discourse, as if singing was no part of public worship, and finally dismissed the congregation without note or comment. The whole choir was indignant. They stayed after meeting, and all the girls and young men resolved not to go into the "singing seats" at all in the afternoon, and the olders who did go there, bore the visages of men whose minds were made up. Services began as usual in the afternoon. The doctor took his book in his hand, looked over his spectacles at the gallery, and saw only a few there; but nothing daunted, read a psalm and sat down. No sound followed, no one stirred; and the "leader" looked up in utter unconsciousness. After a long and most uneasy silence, the good man, his face somewhat over-flushed, his manner rather stern, read the psalm again, paused, then re-read the first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader could bear it no longer, and half rising, said decidedly: "There won't be any singing here this afternoon." "Then there won't be any preaching" said the doctor, quick as thought; and taking his cocked hat from its peg, he marched down the pulpit stairs, through the broad aisle, and out of the house, leaving his congregation utterly astounded. We need not inform our readers that the big fiddle was not used in the "singing seats" afterwards.

From Douglas Jerrold's [London] Magazine.

The Murderer's Sacrament.

"THERE to be hanged till you are dead!"
The man had heard it, had been led
Again to prison, and had heard
The preacher preach God's holy word—
Too late; for, by his fear abused,
The phrase of all seemed all confused;
And this seemed all that all men said—
"There to be hanged till you are dead!"

They bade him kneel before the board
Which bare the Supper of our Lord;
The preacher took the bread and wine,
And preached of that repast Divine,
The efficient Body and Blood:
—The "body and blood!" A sudden flood
Of scarlet light lit up his cheek,
And though, just then, no tongue did speak,
A clear, loud voice close by him said—
"There to be hanged till you are dead!"

Kneeling passively by the board
Which bare the Supper of our Lord,—
Our Lord of whom he had never heard,
Until the judge's final word
Had shut the gateways of his soul,—
He ate the bread, received the cup,
And, for the first time looking up,
A glance at each and all he stole,
And cried, from custom's old control,
"HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTHS, GOOD GENTLEMEN!"*
Nodding around—All startled then;
For the iron tongue of the death-bell swung,
Mixed with the doomed man's words, and said,
"There to be hanged till you are dead!"

All night fell hammers—shock on shock;
With echos Newgate's granite clanged:
The scaffold built, at eight o'clock
A man was brought out to be hanged.

Then came from all the people there
A single cry that shook the air,
A single cry, that turned to storm
Of yells and noises multiform,
Where each, with mad gesticulations,
Rivalled the rest in execrations;
Mothers held up their babes to see,
Who spread their hands and screamed for glee;
Here a girl from her clothing tore
A rag to wave with, and joined the roar
In shrieks, and singing, and savage jests,
Tossing about her naked breasts;
There a man, with yelling tired,
Paused, and the culprit's crime enquired;
A set, below the doomed man dumb,
Bawled his health in the world to come;
These blasphemed, and fought for places;
Those half-crushed, cast frantic faces
To windows, where, in freedom sweet,
Others enjoyed the wicked treat.

At last the show's great crisis pended;
Struggles for better standings ended;
The rabble's lips no longer curst,
But stood agape in horrid thirst;
Thousands of breasts beat horrid hope;
Thousands of eye-balls, lit with hell,
Burnt one way all, to see the rope,
Unslacken as the platform fell.

The rope flew tight! and then the roar
Burst forth afresh; less loud, but more
Confused and affrighting than before.
A few harsh tongues for ever led
The common din—the chaos of noises,
But ear could not catch what they said.
—As when the realm of the damned rejoices
On winning a soul to its will,
That clatter and clangor of hateful voices
Sickened and stunned the air, until
The dangling man was dead and still.

The show complete, the pleasure past,
The solid masses loosened fast;
Each went his way, or lagged behind,
As fitted best his need or mind;—
A thief slunk off with ample spoil,
To ply elsewhere his daily toil;
Two foes, who had disputed places,
Went forth to fight, with murderous faces;
A baby strung its doll to a stick;
A mother praised the pretty trick;
Some children caught and hanged a cat;
Some friends walked on in pleasant chat:
Some, heavy-paced and heavy-hearted,
Whose dinners were to earn, departed,
Much envying those who'd means to stay
At gin-shops by, and "make it a day,"
Others cursed loud their fortune ill,
Whose callings forced them from their fill
Of that day's feast—"'Twere worth a crown
To stop, and see them cut him down!"

*This is a fact. It occurred in England a few years ago, prior to the execution of a man named Ward, for child-murder.

Starving Clergymen.

We are often reminded of the man who boasted that he had been a Methodist forty years, and he 'thanked God it had never cost him a single cent.' Such people are too common in all denominations, and they need stirring up. The following extract from the Memoir of Rev. N. Stacy, a pioneer of Universalism in Vermont and this State, gives a hint which we trust narrrow souls of whatever creed will understand as addressed to them:

I had, at the solicitation of friends, particularly in Addison county, traveled two hundred miles to visit them, and deliver my message. They had manifested great satisfaction in the opportunity of hearing me preach, had urged me, with the utmost earnestness, to stay longer; solicited me with all apparent sincerity, to make them another visit as soon as possible; thanked me times without number, and expressed their gratitude in the warmest terms possible; but, alas! they never thought to inquire how I was, pecuniarily, prepared to meet the expenses of my journey; or if my horse would ever need a shoe, or myself a change of apparel. My ministerial larbors had ever been sparingly rewarded; and it was right, no doubt, for they were worth but little—I so considered them myself; all I ever had received I esteemed as a charitable donation. But now I felt the need of something, more than I ever had before. My earnings in school teaching the previous winter, had been exhausted in the payment of some small debts I had been obliged to contract, and in furnishing myself with a few articles of necessary wearing apparel; and the few shillings I had started on my journey with were nearly exhausted. I had the confidence to name to them my destitute condition, but not one of them put a cent into my hand. I never was exactly like the unjust steward, who said, "Dig I cannot, and to beg I am ashamed." I was ever ashamed to beg; but I could dig, with good will, if I had opportunity. But now I had no chance; it would require the whole, or nearly the whole time between this and the next Sunday to reach the place of my appointment. What was to be done?—I felt very unwilling to cause a disappointment; I therefore moved forward, though with rather a despairing heart, at first; but soon gathered courage and strength from the reflection, that if God had allotted me a work to perform, he would either provide means to feed me on the way, or give me strength to perform the journey without it. It required me to be on the way two nights; and I had barely change sufficient in my pocket to pay for my horse keeping and my lodging, and furnish me with a single meal. And with this I performed the journey, without making my condition known to any person, or asking the charity of strangers. On the last day, long after every cent was spent, in crossing the Green Mountains from Adams through Savoy to Williamsburgh, I felt quite exhausted, and thought my poor beast felt faint and weary too; and, on looking around and beholding the adundance that rewarded the labors of the industrious husbandman, even in that cold and mountainous country, I could scarcely refrain from repining at my lot, and thinking that, if this was an allotment of Providence, it was a severe one; and, for a moment, a fearful despondency seized my soul! But it was momentary only; for, on looking around, I saw a good fresh turnip by the wayside, that somebody had dropped. I alighted, picked it up, and proceeded but a few rods, when I came to a spot of good fresh grass by the way. I here let my horse feed, stretched my weary limbs on nature's verdant carpet, and ate my turnip. I then arose refreshed, both in body and mind. My desponding feelings had entirely left me; and a holy calmness, an unshaken confidence in an allwise and bountiful Providence, with a conscientious conviction that I was in the way of duty, accompanied and cheered me to the end of my journey. I arrived at the house of Mr. Washburn, father of Mrs. Ballou, some time after noon; but could wait, without feeling any inconvenience, until their usual tea-time; and then ate a hearty meal, without experiencing any injury.

Neighbor Wilkin's Hint.

A man having purchased a worn out farm, and invested all his money in his real estate, tried hard by his labour to make it produce a crop. After a laborious summer's work, he signally failed. His crops of corn, oats, and buckwheat, were scarcely worth harvesting. Winter came on and with it discouragement and despondency. He asked his neighbor in the language of scripture, "What shall I do?" His neighbour in reply, in true Yankee style, answered this question by asking another. "Neighbor Wilkins, have you ever kept a hired man on your farm?" "Always." "How can you gain the greatest amount of labour in a season from his efforts?" "In the first place give him a plentiful supply of food, for a full stomach for a labourer is a jewel; next, begin the day early, and keep steady at it."

"You have answered truly; manage your farm as you do your hired man. Feed it with nourishment for vegetation; feed it full and keep it fed. Clear out the barn yard; dig up the muck from the swamps; sow on all the ashes you can get: cart sand from the drainage of the streets. When you begin upon a field, feed it; feed it full and keep it fed. Then go to the next lot, and feed it in the same style. Such fields recollect the kindness of the owner, and they pay him for it more than fifty fold. Then plough and dig and the reward is sure.'—Neighbor Wilkins opened his eyes in astonishment at his own iguorance, and said, "I see! I see! A feeble starved man cannot work much. A poor starved field cannot bear much." Common sense might have taught him, but it had not. Thousands, like him, "scratch gravel" for naught all their days. Neighbor Wilkins saw where he missed it. The next year he planted four acres of corn, after he had coated the field with all the fertilizing material he could gather during one short winter. He told me that "he had scraped all creation." November told a true story. Two hundred and sixty bushels of corn made him laugh. His wife made puddings without grumbling, and his children ate with pleasure. Thus, friend Wilkins went from field to field, and fed it as he went. In its turn it fed him, his family, his cattle. His barren farm became productive; his naked fields became clothed with herbage. He became rich. His farm was rich. Peace dwelt in his household, plenty filled his granaries, and fortune smiled upon him. Are you an unfortunate farmer, cursed with poor land and stinted crops? Look at Mr. Wilkins, and in the language of the Bible, "Go thou and do likewise."

THE YOUNG MAN'S "I CANNOT."—You cannot, yes you can sir; everybody can, and you amongst the rest. That's a fine way to talk at this time of day. You are young, your limbs are strong, your energies are all laying fresh in the chambers of your nature, like the stores of a ship just launched for the voyage of life; all the world is before you; there is little of it behind you, and that you have skipped and played roll-hoop over.—Yes young man, you can, so never let that declaration of cowardice and weakness "I cannot" pass your lips again. I do not qualify the infinitive of the verb active that describes your capacity. You can "do anything that has been done, may be done, or should be done, either in the world of physics, morals, or metaphysics. You can rivet a bolt, tear up a furrow, overturn an empire of falsehood, or produce a new idea. God grants you amongst the abundance of his beneficent possibilities one of those humanizing faculties; and you can if you will, make your one faculty, however apparently humble, a blessing to yourself and to humanity.—*Christian Citizen.*